

THE BEAT

*David Geffen School of Medicine at UCLA
Journal of Arts and Literature*

VOLUME SEVENTEEN

Editor's Note

Dear Readers,

We are proud to present the 17th edition of The BEAT magazine, the journal of arts and literature for the UCLA health community. Every year, The BEAT compiles art and literature pieces highlighting the breadth of creativity and talent of students and professionals in the healthcare field.

Throughout this process we've been inspired by the continuing themes of love, loss, and hope. The snapshots of experience gleaned from the collective observations and written word of students and healthcare professionals who have contributed to the BEAT demonstrate a willingness to explore and better understand ourselves as well as those we seek to serve.

This issue would not be possible without all the hard work and dedication of our literature, art, and layout committee members. We also want to thank the hardworking members of the Student Affairs Office at the David Geffen School of Medicine at UCLA for their unwavering support.

And The BEAT goes on...

Joel Amezquita, Stephan Chiu, and Elyse Guran
Editors-in-Chief 2014–2015

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Art

First – *Bottom of Brain* by Andy Trang
Second – *Untitled* by Jeong Katherine Kim

Photography

First – *The Winter Coat* by Tyler Kern
Second – *Lighthouse at the End of the World* by Stephanie Chu

Literature

First – *Under the Light of a New Sun* by Martin Mwangi
Second – *The Frown* by Jill Narciso

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The Gathering
by Tyler Kern

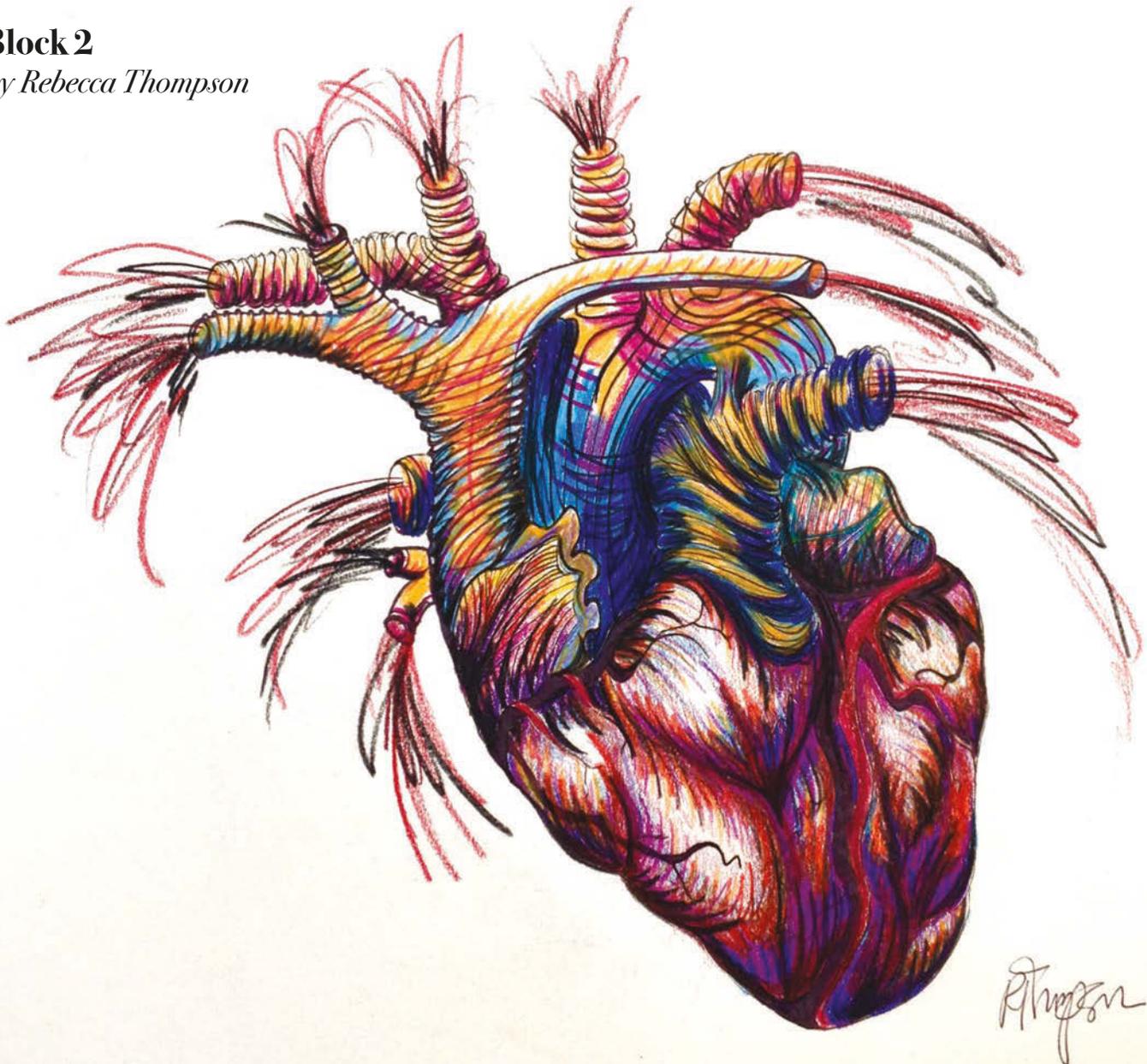
All That Is Left

by Jennifer Ritch

She leaves, quietly stooped, impossibly tired.
Her withered hand carries a withered plastic bag.
Clutching tightly to all that is left of him.

Block 2

by Rebecca Thompson



Pushing Paper

by Joseph Gius

From the forests, down through the rivers and log jams to the mills, processed into packaged reams, into cartons, shipped by trucks and rail the paper arrives.

A Byzantine structure: Face sheets, legal forms, consents, data bases, assessments, treatment plans, medications, vitals. Those vital documents telling the story of treatment, the progress of healing, of lives made whole.

More paper arrives to my desk. A log jam of reports. Like the river that first brought them from the forest. All to be sorted and filed. Charts to be analyzed, deficiencies to be made up, information to be released.

Year bands, allergy stickers, chart dividers, chart request forms, terminal digits labels. Now the paper chart reaches its terminal. The hybrid chart appears. There is less paper and reports are done in cyberspace.

Folders are replaced with leader sheets, scanners and on line reports. The sound of the two hole punch, the use of compressors and plastic clips is gone.

The arrival of paper dwindles to a trickle. A dry river bed. Pushing paper goes the way of phone booths, buggy whips, hoeing, manual typewriters, rotary dial phones.



Lighthouse at the End of the World
by Stephanie Chu



Harvest Moon
by Ben Kelley



Gone

by Benjamin Amendolara

A calm house was a fiery house. On the inside of course. The old man was an old man. On the outside of course. On the inside he was just fine. The world wasn't fine. His wife was *really* inside. Inside the ground. In a box in the ground. There he would be too. In a box in the ground. The ground around. All around. He rocked on the chair. The chair creaked and he watched the birds peck on the tree. Two little birds that followed him from his home. To where? To where? he asked the birds. The two birds looked directly at him and said, "Outside. Outside." He stood, creaking. The others watched. Mouths gaping. They weren't watching him at all. He had never stood. It takes many years to stand like that. Days on top of years. Things aren't okay, he thought. On the inside. On the outside. Things aren't okay. He looked around. There wasn't a single face. Not a single one. The war was gone. His friends were gone. His wife was gone. His kids were gone. His house was gone. His letters were gone. Letters from his mother. Letters from his children. He was there. There, there. On the inside anyway. He was there. The birds were gone. They were never really there. They were at his parents' funeral. Together they were buried. He was at his wife's funeral. Everyone else was gone. Gone, gone. He was there. He would be there. He stood, creaking. The world was bright. The world was young. Not for him. The world was old for him. But it was bright. He walked out the door. He thought he walked out the door. But actually the door was locked. He couldn't work a door anyway. Not anymore. The world wasn't for him anymore. The sun wasn't really shining because the shades were closed. But those didn't matter. Because he was going. On the inside. It was coming back to him. The outside. The brightness and the laughter. The sun and sprinklers in the summer. Sparklers in the nighttime. His wife's staticky lips smoothing his cheek. Head on pillow, staring directly into her eyes. Eyes that stayed the same while she grew old. Hearing the children outside. Playing in the yard. Smiling on the inside. On the outside smiling. Laughter. He was crying on the outside. On the outside he was dying. But on the inside--

Andrew & Betty: A Story of Love, Parkinson's & Alzheimer's

by Rumi Cader

Andrew and Betty (names changed) would come to see me every two to three months for about 10 years. Andrew was my patient, and Betty his wife of 40+ years would come with him on every visit. When I first met Andrew, he was worried that he may have a movement disorder called Parkinson's Disease. He lived far away from our clinic in Los Angeles, near Sequoia National Park. Although he saw his local doctor on a regular basis, he knew that his doctor was missing something.

As a young man, Andrew served in the United States Marines during World War II and was deployed in the South Pacific, where he fought in some of the toughest battles of the war. A devout Mormon, when he came back home, he married Betty and decided to settle down in a peaceful place, far away from the horrors of war. They would have children together and open their own Bee Farm, producing some of the best Honey for sale. From time to time they would bring me a bottle of their latest Honey—always a treat for its freshness and amazing flavor.

Andrew continued to serve his community and was Scout Master of his local Boy Scout Troup—well into his late 60's. This is where he first realized he may have a problem. He began to have difficulties going on hikes with his scouts, something that had never happened before. He had difficulty walking, something which really bothered him. He would carve wood, but that became difficult due to his hands starting to shake. He took these concerns to his local doctor but no diagnosis was made.

When I saw him for the first time, Andrew had some of the classic features of Parkinson's—a shuffling gait, masked facies, cogwheel rigidity and an intention tremor. I told him that I was concerned that he may have Parkinsonism and wanted him to see one of our neurologists for a definitive diagnosis. He did see the neurologist and was diagnosed with Parkinson's Disease. He was put on medications which helped him walk better than before and decreased the severity of his tremors.

Betty would come with Andrew on every visit. Sometimes they would drive down with their daughter, other times they would come by bus, leaving at 5 in the morning. About the same time Andrew was diagnosed with Parkinson's, Betty was diagnosed with Alzheimer's Disease. Her family had noticed that she was having problems remembering things. As time went on, the memory problems worsened and she was diagnosed with the memory disorder of Alzheimer's Disease. She could remember in vivid detail memories of her youth with Andrew. However,

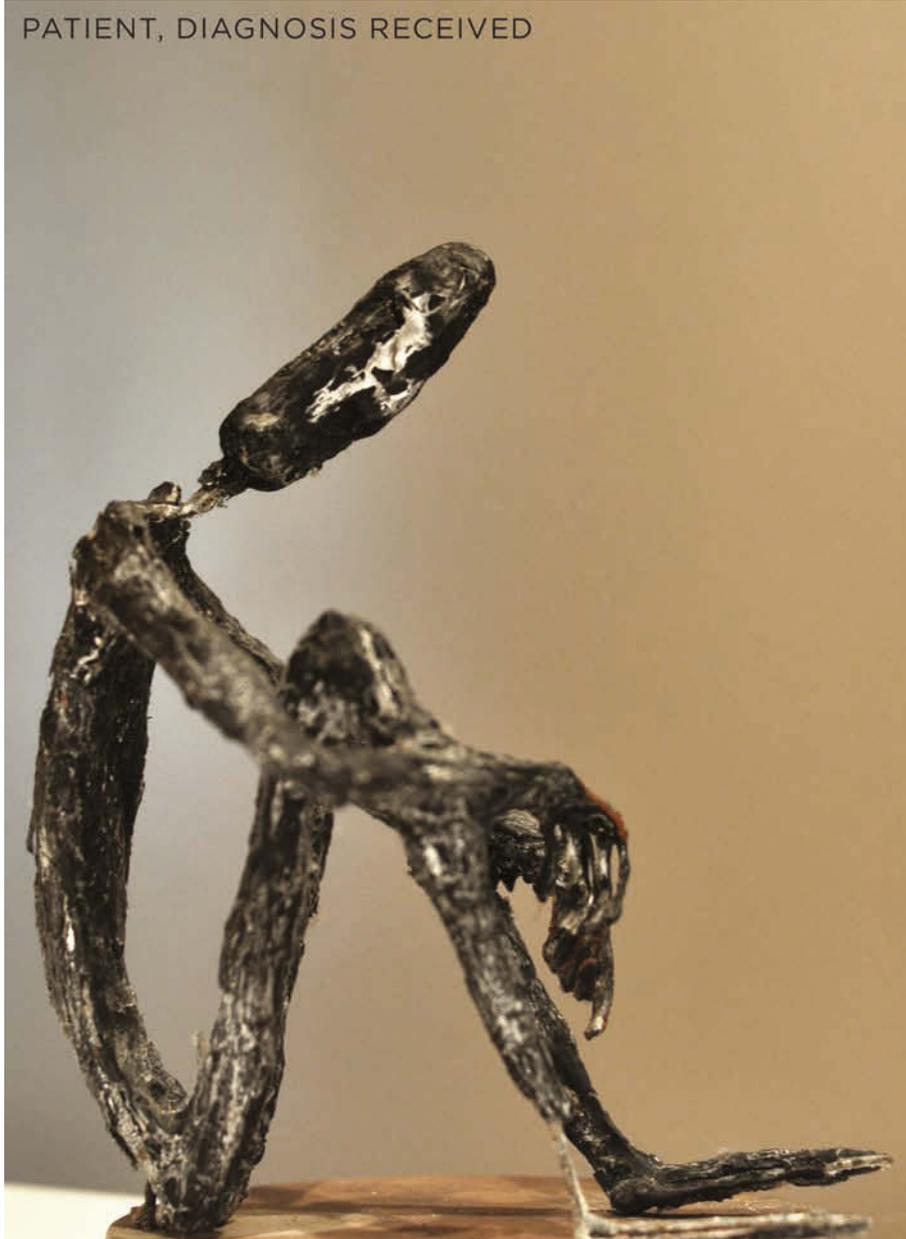
recent events could not be recalled by her no matter how hard she tried. Curiously, she would always remember the fact that I was Andrew's doctor and give me a big smile as she gave me a bottle of the latest honey from their farm. Her dementia worsened to a point where she had difficulty remembering things that happened the day before.

At one point she was admitted to the hospital for a hysterectomy. As doctors we often write orders in the hospital chart for medications to be given only if the patients ask for it. Her gynecologist wrote such an order for her pain control medications the day after she had her surgery. As Andrew told me the story, Betty woke up the next day with severe pain but had no recollection of having surgery, let alone that she needed to ask the nurse to bring medications for pain control. These are the stories that break one's heart, both as a physician and as a human being.

On one of their last visits with me, Betty told me she had to go and use the Ladies' Room and would be right back. Andrew offered to go with her but she said not to worry that the bathroom was around the corner and he could finish up his visit with me. As Andrew and I talked about his Parkinson's and the fires in Sequoia Park that year, 20 minutes went by and Betty had still not returned. I left the exam room and asked one of the nurses to check the Women's bathroom—no Betty. I had Betty paged overhead to return to clinic, but no one came. At this point, I called our campus police and had our clinic staff start looking for her all over the clinic. I myself, left the building and went outside to search for her. Frantic, I ran to the opposite side of the building and went to look at the bus stop. Sure enough, there was Betty, peacefully sitting with her handbag about to get on the bus. I went and asked her what she was doing, and she told me she was waiting for Andrew as they were going to go home on the bus; this despite the fact that this was not the bus that would take her home. She had completely forgotten that Andrew was in my clinic exam room waiting for her to come back. Needless to say, Andrew was relieved to see Betty come back to the clinic safe and sound.

Shortly after this incident, it became too difficult for the two of them to travel hours by bus to come to Los Angeles to come and see me. They moved in with their daughter, close to Fresno, California and began to see doctors there. I will always remember them for the Love and support they had for each other all the way into their 80's despite one having Parkinson's and the other Alzheimer's.

PATIENT, DIAGNOSIS RECEIVED



Patient, Diagnosis Received
by Serapio M. Baca



The Beat of Life
by Sarah Park

Mysterious

by R. Anigal Ttoos

It is unstoppable

It replicates, but it is not alive

It requires a host

It cannot be grown on a petri dish

It mutates slowly over time allowing it to
continually fool and invade our defenses.

Some people invite it

believing that it will strengthen them against future assaults.

Others fear it believing that it will weaken

them to the point of no recovery.

Upon breaching our defenses, it silently integrates itself into our DNA,
the part of our being that helps define and determine who we are, and
enables itself to become a permanent part of us.

Once it has integrated, there is no treatment available
to help clear it from our system.

At this point, it is no longer in our control.

It may choose to unexpectedly express itself at anytime or
it may remain dormant allowing us
to forget that it has become a part of our being.

It manifests itself in various ways and to varying degrees

Its presentation differs from patient to patient. Although there may be many similarities,
no two people will express it in the exact same manner.

Its routes of infection are numerous

It does not even require direct touch or close contact to the infected person

It can simply linger in the air

Some think it is one of the most powerful things on earth
and that it has limitless potential for good.

Others recognize and fear its ability to be used as a lethal weapon,
and, in fact, it has been effectively used in combat.

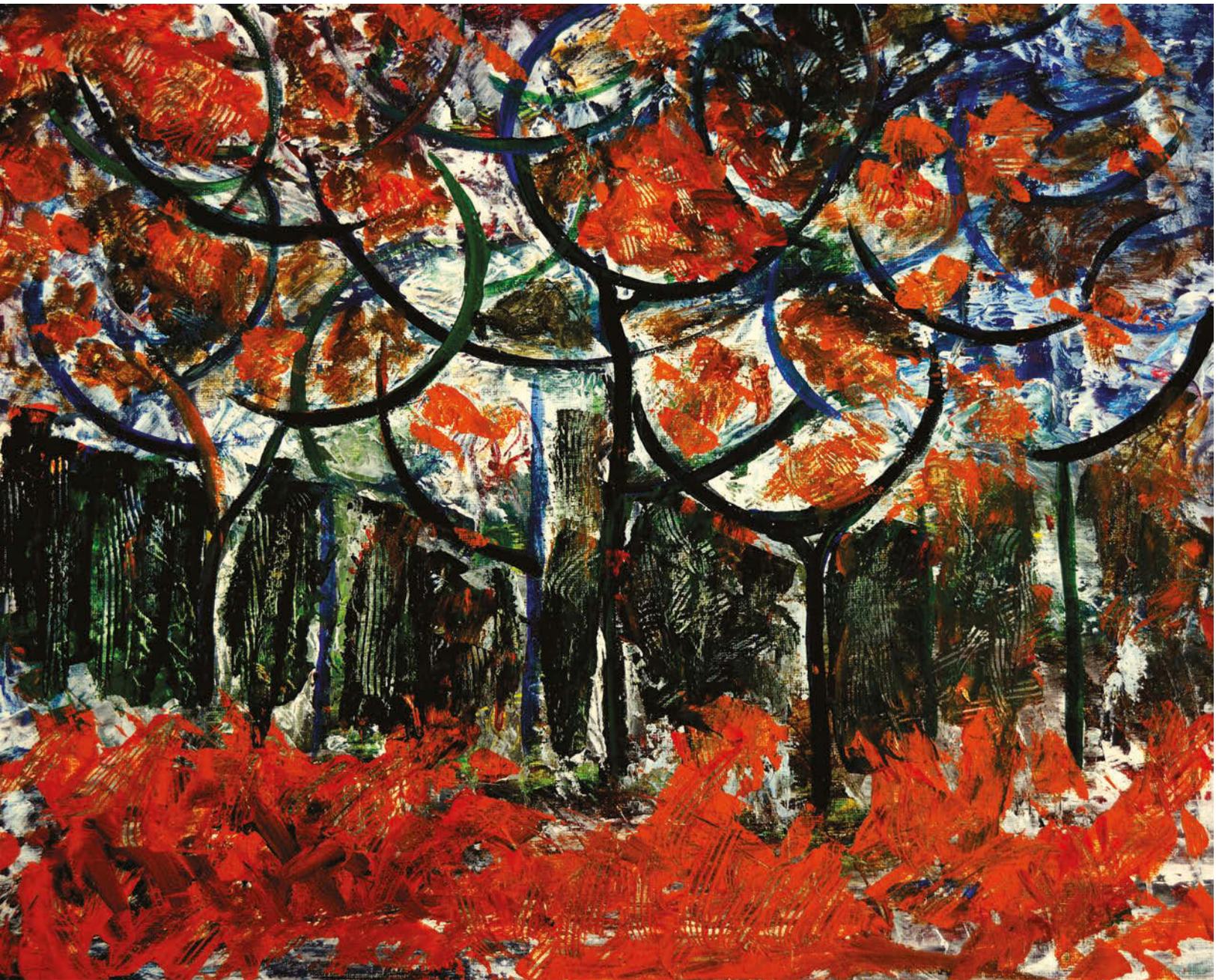
How can something that seems so minute have such a tremendous influence over humankind and persist for so many centuries?

Does it have life by proxy of its host?

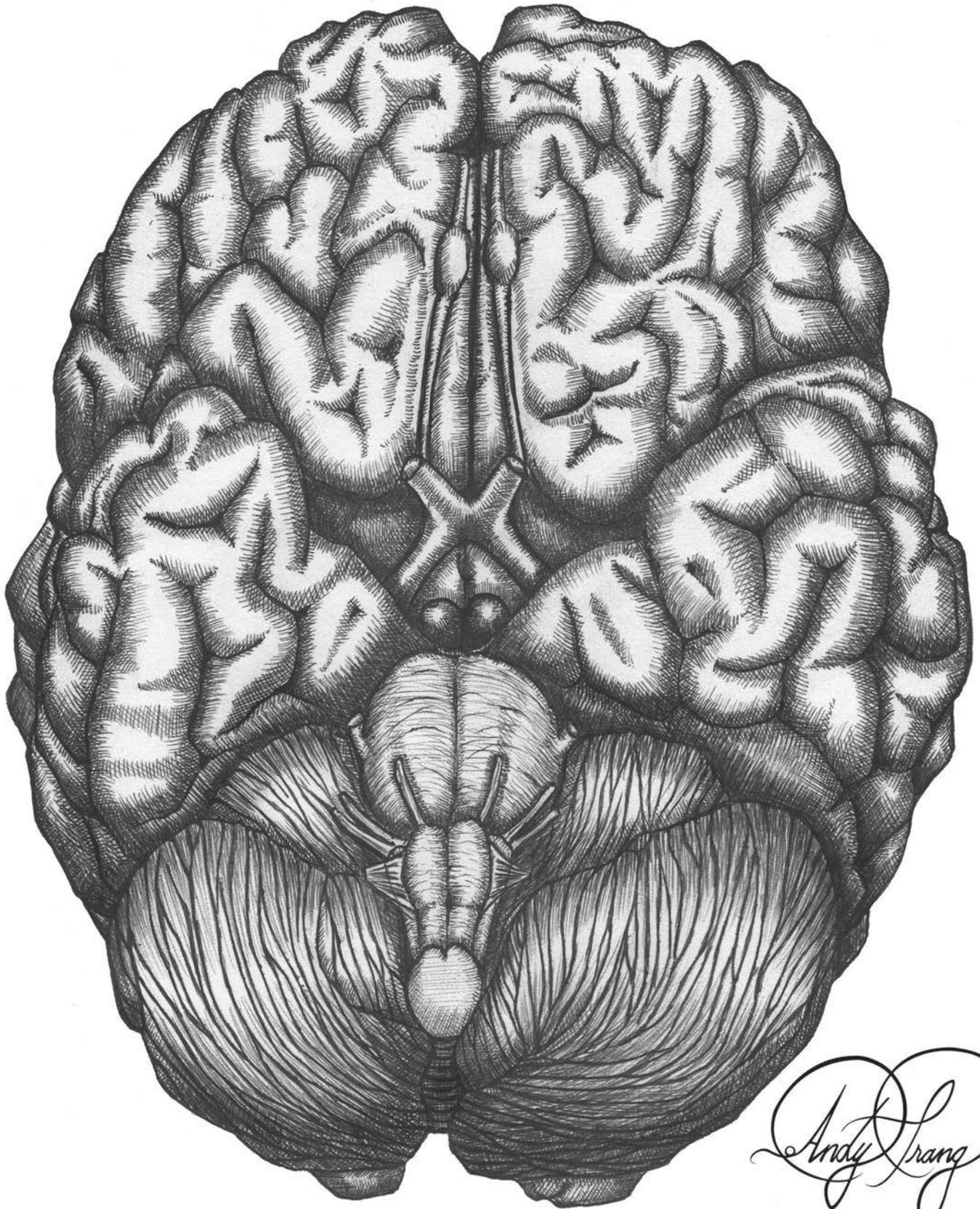
It has been studied for centuries by humankind, and yet,
love still remains a mystery



The Winter Coat
by Tyler Kern



Woods at Noon II
by Manash Paul



Andy Trang

Bottom of Brain
by Andy Trang

Memories – a Haiku

by Melissa June Burdette

Powerful brain food
Frozen solid at its peak
To be thawed later.



Etchmiadzin Cathedral, Armenia
by Andrew Behesnilian



Patagonia
by Neil Parker



Healer

by Barry G. Baylen

Once more,
at twilight,
a healers ritual,
you shuffle on alone
along the neon hall,
doctors frock and shoulders bowed
by clocks relentless sweep
and tides of broken infants.

You pause, squinting,
pressing horn- rimmed frames
against distorted observation panes,
then lean past faceless doors
toward the temporary wombs
of air and lines and tubes
invading worried limbs
as thin as wires.

Again, you falter
before their wafer weight
and transparent skin.
You seem a stubborn willow
weather worn, trunk bent,
arms like tethered branches
gathered round behind your back,
unable to stall the strain.

Instinctively,
you pace your bellows breath
following hard and quick like theirs,
encouraging spindle ribs
that rise and fall
and barely rise and fall again,
exhaling only silent sighs
and voiceless cries.

You return.
Passersby part startled from the path
of your emerging owl eyed apparition;
but not the children.
These children know your prayers
They hear your pleas to ease their plight
and guide them safely through their night.
They take your fragile hands.





Glasses, Part IV
by Raquel Rodriguez



Wishbone Walk
by Alejandro Ochoa III & Ken Kitayama

Parable of the Bad Cook

by Juan Sarquis

*From a mountainous region she came
To live near the sea she would
Her great wisdom she would share
with those whom she could*

Lola Martinez came from a mountainous region in Central America. Legend had she was a great chef who had cooked for Kings and Queens; she was a master chef as are only few in the world! Her war torn country was no place for a great ‘poet of the kitchen,’ as she was often called by those whom she knew. Finally, she decided to come to the USA and ends up taking a job as a chef cooking for a very wealthy and powerful family in Malibu, California—the Joneses and their two sons. Lola had the highest recommendations from her country, which enabled her to land a job as a chef in little time. Furthermore, Lola was single and could devote herself to cooking full time for this very affluent family in Malibu, California, without being compromised.

*Resourceful and witty
as anyone can be
Astute and intelligent
as only few you’ll meet*

Lola came from a place where animals and fruit trees were not only used for consumption, but also life’s essentials. Armadillo carcasses were used to construct all sorts of inventive and interesting musical instruments. In Lola’s country of origin, few if anything was ever wasted, as her people were creative and resourceful.

*News from the North
of a powerful ship
Forthcometh tonight
We’re all in deep ____*

Early one morning Mrs. Jones arose and to Lola she went with a lot to disclose. “Lola, my in-laws are coming tonight and I want to impress them by cooking a great feast; they live in San Francisco, CA. They own a great and powerful ship, which they’ll use to come with. They are now on their way and should arrive tonight at approximately 6. Let’s go shopping at that affluent seafood market on the shore; I called in an order already and they have reserved a 25 pound halibut, which I’m suppose to pick up in approximately one hour’s time, and I’d like you to come with...” says Mrs. Jones. “Sure,” replies Lola.

Mrs. Jones asks the butcher to remove the fish’s head as she had no use for it; however, to which Lola replies she does have use for the fish’s head. Cold weather had hit the shores of Southern Califor-

nia, and Lola wanted to make ‘Fish Head Soup’ tonight—a Central American and Caribbean specialty which was said to get rid of the chills.

It was now 6:00 PM and the great ship docked on the great port of Malibu, CA.

The Jones’ Estate was of almost mansion size. Lola had lucked out, because she had been given the small guest house in the back of the Estate to live in—this house was quite adequate for a single live in cook type such as Lola was. She had her own little kitchen, small living room, and an adequate size bedroom—“more than enough for me” as she’d often say....

Mrs. Jones cooked the fish relatively well and dinner was about to commence.

At this time, Lola was making her soup and trying to stay warm in her small house.

At the Jones’ home, the heater was unbearably high for Mrs. Jones’ Mother in Law, Venus, and she asked that the windows be opened just a tad so as to let some fresh air inside the house. However, the delicious smell coming from Lola’s house was such that everyone was making all sorts of comments—even as far as for someone to say “most delicious food smells ever!...”

Mrs. Jones then heads out to Lola’s house and asks her “Why. Why? I know this is a lesson that you’re teaching me... You’re trying to make me aware of the fact that I’ll never be as great a cook as you are, but why tonight? I was hoping to impress my in-laws with my cooking, and after smelling your delicious soup they don’t want to eat what I have spent all day long preparing for them ...” Mrs. Jones addresses Lola in a disappointed fashion, to which Lola replied, “The lesson was not intended for you, but rather for me! I had been so busy cooking for you and your family during these past two years, that I had lost touch with my culture—memories from my homeland creep up and interrupt my nightly sleep. I miss my country, even if I do love it here...this evening gave me an opportunity to relax a bit and catch up on some of those old memories from back home. So again, I tell you the lesson was intended for me, not you. A person should never get so involved in something and forget one’s heritage. Thank you, Mrs. Jones!”

—A lesson to learn
for those who assume!

Sweetness

by Jennifer Rutch

That voice
Steals quietly up my spine and
Curls itself around my heart

A purring kitten
And all I can remember are the claws



[untitled]

by Jeong Katherine Kim

Captive Beauty
by Gayatri Nair



Air Panama
by Ben Kelley







Eclipse

by Dorwin Birt

Under the Light of a New Sun

by Martin Mwangi



Want suggests the possibility of satisfaction
Like scorched cracked earth in demand of rain
But here,
It never pours
We stand in the furrows born to yearn
It starts elementary,
Bleeds into our heartaches,
Wakes us for work
Our drive is fueled by it,
Sadness built on top of it,
It becomes Joy's definition.
Demented by the weight of its years,
We pursue it to our end,
Thinking perhaps we can satisfy it,
We look on the lives of others from what we believe are our impoverished shores,
As if it only rains in the sea.
So what is it that I want
I don't,
Or rather I don't want to want any more
I long for the light of a new sun,
That brings down the weight of freedom
From any want,
Perhaps there I can be my truest self.

Patagonia
by Stephanie Chu





En el mercado de Lince

by Ken Kitayama

I wake to see you ready for market. Your hair is wound tight and the curls gently bounce as your head moves toward me, and I am standing there on the cold kitchen floor. You dress me in my itchy wool sweater, but the neck hole feels too small for my head and all I want to do is hug you and press my face against your billowy blouse that smells of sweet water.

We walk to the open-air market, under the burdensome clouds that fall from a familiar fatigue. The cars rush by and the vendors call out to you, but all I can hear is the rhythmic clip-clap from your blue shoes. To the left, rows of butchered meats, vibrant crimson streaked with clean white, and to the right, a line of fresh chickens, split open to expose their treasured insides, hanging by barbed hooks.

Tío Clodio, is that *you* behind the white tile counter, finding satisfaction in the myriad of ways to kill these wretched winter hens? I can see that chilling smirk with which you grip their delicate necks, anticipating the sudden *snap!* that feels so good between your fingers.

And Miguel Olaya, it is you a few rows down, surrounded by whole families of fish just caught, their mouths still bleeding, open, confused. You whisper your secrets to them, as if they could swim to Huaaura and deliver your messages of revolution themselves.

But I have lost sight of my mother! I no longer grip supple, leathered hand, nor can I find comfort in rubbing her smooth, ribbed fingernails. I look for her sand-colored stockings but all I see are bloodied aprons dusted with dirt and fringed with monotone plumes. I feel a familiar heat rush to my face.

In my panic, I grab a kiwi and force my thumb into the stem end, piercing the papery skin. The cool, tender flesh feels good pressed against my thumb, an unexpected comfort.

I feel a warm, damp hand grip my wrist. It is much heavier than my mother's, but I don't realize this until it completely devoured my arm, passing on whatever traces of sweat and grime hidden within its crevasses. "¿Y qué haces tú?" His foul breath that smells of rotten wine makes my face clench as I slide my wrist through his greasy fingers.

I fall to the ground, but my hands touch the floor just for a second, and then I run wildly, dashing past potatoes, weaving through piles of corn, drifting over wilting leeks, and finally fall into the comforting arms of Pachamama Herself.

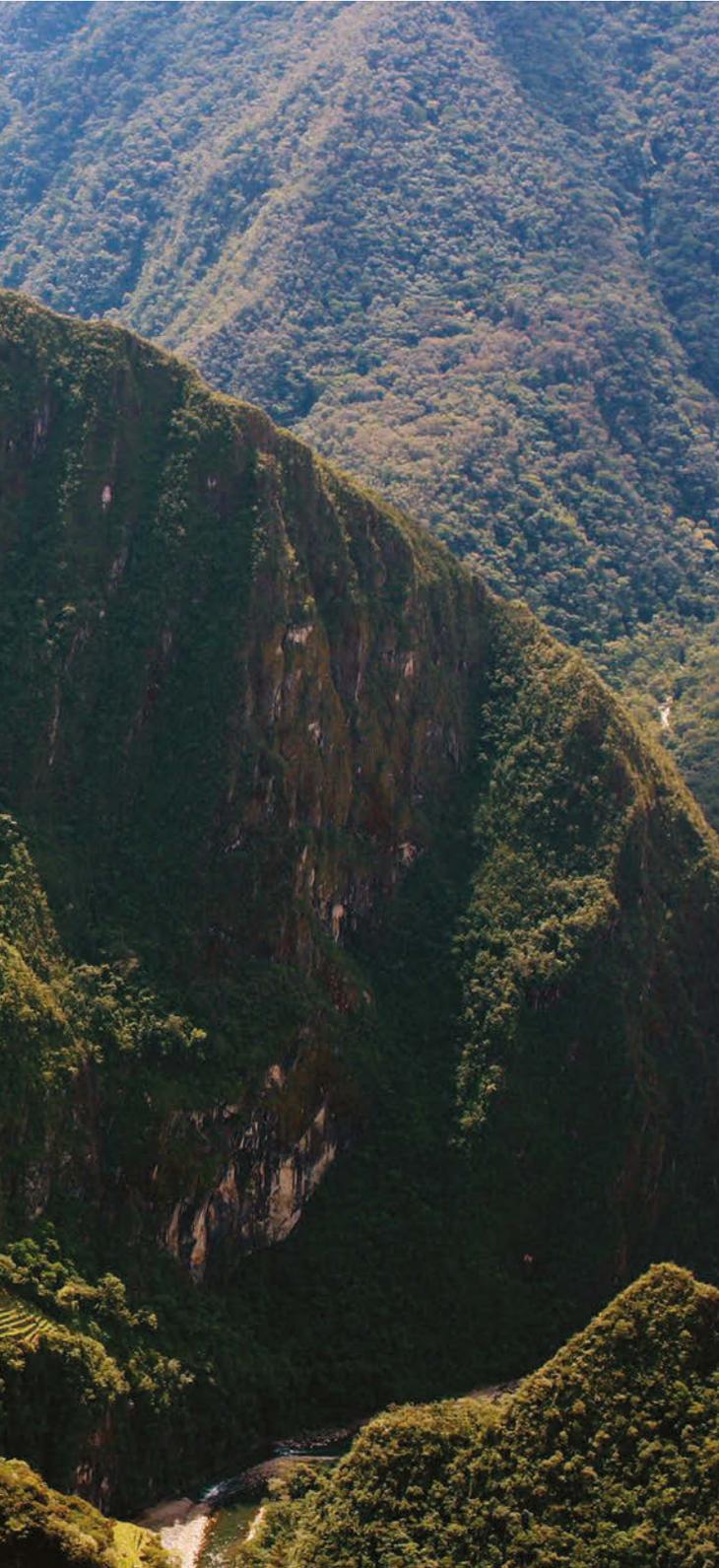




A Golden Sunset
by Brian Fung



Vuelos del cóndor
by Ken Kitayama & Alejandro Ochoa III



First Movement

by Paula Stoessel

The seagulls are returning to the ocean
And the rains to the northern hills

Movements without and within
Against our purpose, seasonal

I began ignorant of your passion
You began in the hollow of my dream

You possess me so tentatively
At the core of your consciousness

Possess, then expunge
As if your will could banish me

I am yours
But you are only what my dream allows.

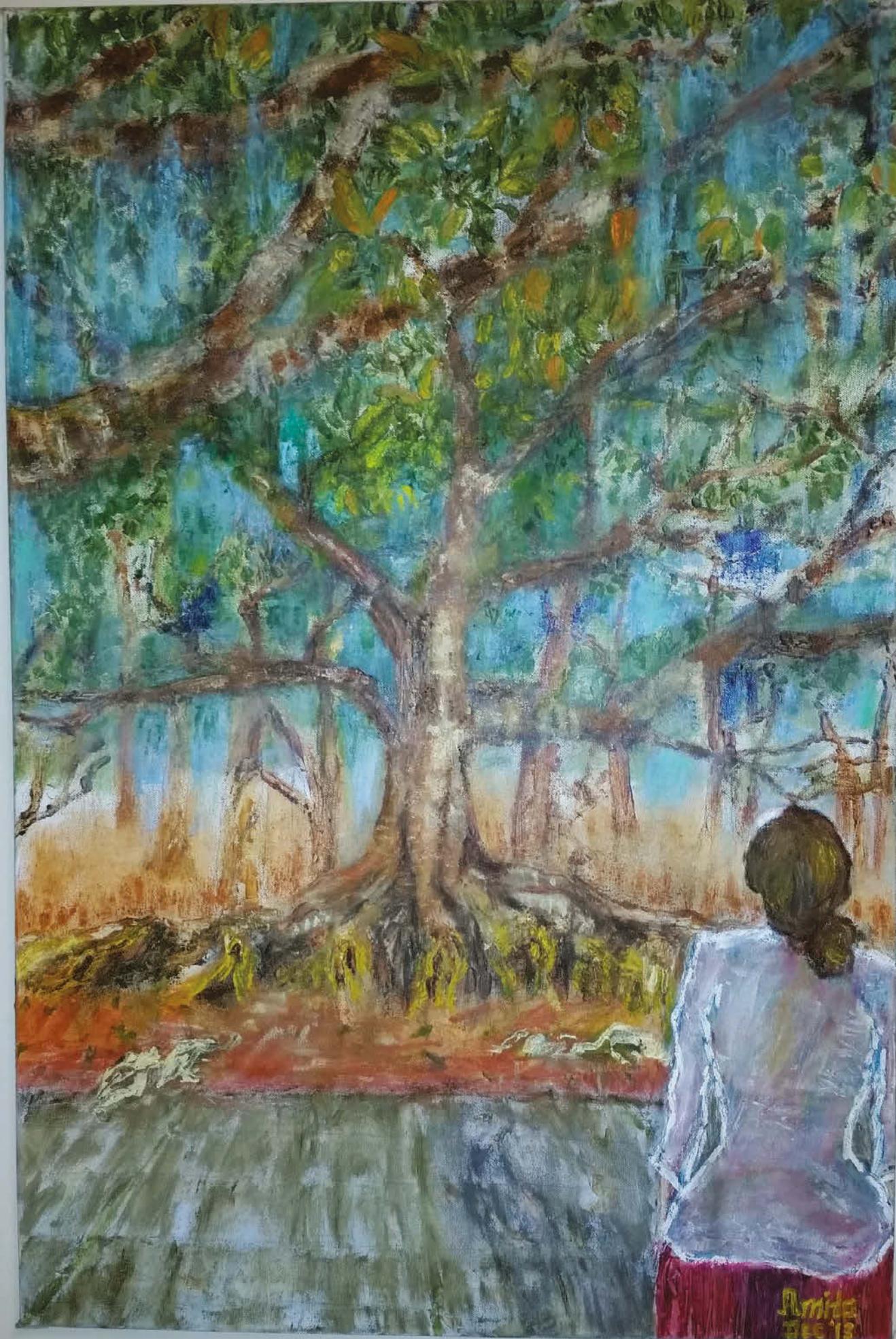


Glacier Hike
by Stephanie Chu

The Lever

by Benjamin Amendolara

He worked in a factory. Day and night. Day and night. Silver plate after silver plate. Drop it on the platform, pull the lever, feel the heat as the masher comes down, hear the crush, pull the lever, remove the plate, pass the plate, grab the plate, drop the plate on the platform, pull the lever. Who was the child that was not his? Drop the plate, pull the lever. Crush. Crush. Crush. Pull the lever, remove the plate. The whistle blew. Bodies pushed pass. A slap on his back. Pull the lever. Crush. He had been away. He had called. The phone had rung. And rung. And rung. He had left a message. The same message. Please pick up. Crush. He raised the lever. What were her last words to him? Were there last words? When he'd come back her things were gone. Had she ever come back? The plate got cold. He pulled the lever and the masher came up with the plate attached. He pried it away and it clanged on the ground. No. She hadn't said a thing. Just up and left. With his--not his--child, too. But the child was five by that time. How many years had it gone on? How many times had she cleaned the sheets. She was so insistent on cleaning the sheets. Always grabbing them away from him. In the beginning. In the very beginning. She would curl herself into him and look up at him. Give herself to him with her eyes. Her eyes. He was mesmerized by her eyes. He could see them still. She used to fall asleep in his lap while driving on the long way back home. In the night. The road humming. Lone lamp posts blurred into saucers. The occasional speeding car. When they got home he would carry her inside. Her breath hot on his neck. She stopped doing that. When did she stop doing that? When did she stop clinging to his arm with her body as they walked step in step? When was the last time she'd made words on the back of his neck? The first time they kissed they were lying together. Squeezed together on his mother's basement couch. His legs were shaking. He hadn't done it before. She wrote kiss me deep into his neck with her fingernails. He didn't know what she'd written, but he knew to kiss her. They were fifteen. The whistle blew. Bodies grumbled past. Another hand slapped his back. Commotion. He picked up the plate and slid it into the scrap pile. Fifteen. He remembered fifteen. He wasn't making memories anymore. He had promised her he would never remember anything again. She knew he meant anything outside of her. He kept his promise. It wasn't about the child. He loved the child. He didn't hate the man who took her. He hadn't taken her. She went to him. That was the painful part. That she wanted it. That every second they were together she couldn't stand it. That she looked at him with hard lips he had never seen before and wished for him to disappear. He slid the plate onto the platform. He pulled the lever. The heat pressed his shirt against his stomach. She used to lay her head on him and time her breaths to his. Was there anything that she kept as just theirs? Whose stomach did she lay into? Whose neck did she wrap her arms around while being carried into the house? Whose house was it? Theirs? The whistle blew. The shift ended. He stayed. The second shift began. Bodies out and bodies in. He pulled the lever. He paused. When did his hand become so old? These were old man's hands. These were his father's hands when he was a boy. When he couldn't wait to turn six-and-a-half. Then 16. Then 21. He was fine to let time skate him along. She was with him. But then she was gone. And time was still pushing him forward. He wanted it to stop. But he knew what it meant for it to stop. It meant pain. It meant not pulling the lever or sliding the plate or feeling the heat. It meant being in a room. It meant suffocating under everything that was out of reach. He pulled the lever.



View of a Tree
by Amit Oberai



Dreamscape
by Neil Parker

Dance With Me

by Jennifer Ritch

You and a certain song
I find my heaven where I can

Who am I to say that
God and the Devil never dance?

SURGEON, POST-THEATER



Surgeon, Post-Theater
by Serapio M. Baca

The Frown

by Jill Narciso

It was supposed to be another normal Tuesday. She stepped out of the shower and smeared the foggy mirror with her fingers to begin the daily scrutiny of her 30-year-old face and body. She began by searching for hints of gray around the top of her naturally black hair. Her father, who was well into his 60s, boasted no gray hairs whatsoever. But last Christmas, she noticed numerous cousins, aunts and uncles sporting newly dyed brown manes. Her eyes worked their way down to the thin wet strands of hair that lay limply along the sides of her face, promising no signs of life when they dried.

I need a haircut soon, she sighed.

Her eyes wandered back to her forehead where tiny bumps of adult acne promised the second coming of puberty unless she changed her diet.

Tomorrow, she sighed. Well, one last week of fried stuff and that's it.

She squinted and counted the lines in the corners of her eyes to see if it was the same number as yesterday's. Still six, she thought. Thank God.

And then, right when her eyes dropped to scan her neck for wrinkles, she saw it. A frown she knew all too well growing up. A frown she swore she would never have as an adult because she told herself she would have more fun in life. But there it was. Her mother's frown. Maybe not the full scowl her mother wore now, but it was close. A baby scowl. On her face.

She quickly faked a smile to correct the error, but it sank back into the pouted position that frightened her the most.

"Nooo!" she moaned.

She quickly smiled again, with teeth this time. She held up the sides of her cheeks for added support. Several seconds later, she dropped her hands to her sides and studied her lips. Her towel fell to the ground and she began to shiver, but she didn't care. Like cheap candles, her lips melted into the subliminal sneer.

"I am not my mother!" she cried to no one in particular.

Late to work but newly determined to reverse the effects of aging, she vowed to smile for the rest of the year. It was day one, that same Tuesday, and everyone noticed.

"What's gotten into you?" Joe the IT guy asked.

"Oh, you know, new cereal," she replied with up-turned lips.

"Did something funny happen?" Jane the compliance officer asked suspiciously.

"Not really," she said with a toothy grin. "Aren't surprise audits fun?"

Her boss noticed too, and worried, decided to send her home an hour early. "You don't look well," she said after their one-on-one meeting. "Get out of here. Get some rest."

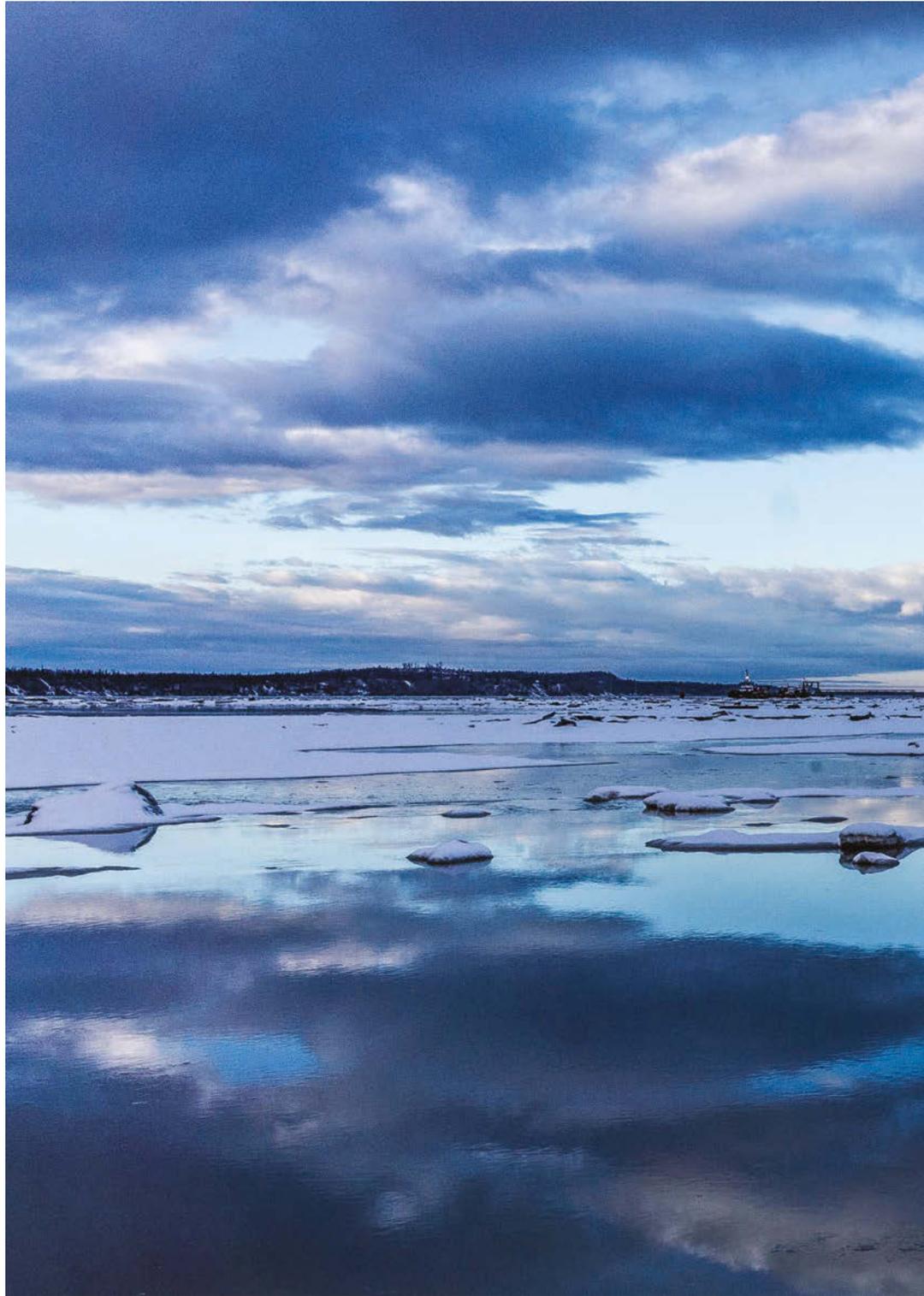
"No problem," she said as she pushed her chair back and grabbed her belongings. Her smile came easy now.

"Oh, and by the way," her boss said as she turned to her computer monitor to check email. "If you see your mother, tell her I said hello."

Doldrums

by Paula Stoessel

But can you survive
The doldrums—
When we float
Through the night
On a sea of swells
When we cannot
Re-create the wind?
When we're seasick
From trying, afraid
To lose the stars,
the sun?
Can you tolerate
The not-knowing
Not seeing
The horizon?
Can you still believe
In me?
Can you still trust
In us?





Alaskan Shoreline
by James Lee



Sunset on the Seine
by Sarah Park



The Los Angeles I Once Knew

by TJ Nguyen

There's an enigmatic sense of freedom and individuality about driving through the streets of Los Angeles at night. The relationships of your daytime life disappear and you're heading towards something real, something personal, something soulful. You don't know exactly what that may be, but regardless, your foot never leaves the accelerator. You're carefree again, spontaneous and unsure, following one blinking star after another like unnumbered dots to be connected. With each path you take, a foamy trail of white wine is left across the night sky to remind you of where you've been, what you've done, and who you've seen. Jack Kerouac is your passenger, listening to and fueling your longing for escapism and your boundless curiosity towards life. There are times when speed limits are non-existent — these are the times of uninhibited lust for adventure. There are times you experience a flat tire — these are the times you forget to wonder and question. There are times you won't slow down for yellow, let alone red lights — these are the times of intense passion and keenness to love.

But no matter what time it is, you will never stop driving. Under the soft champagne hum of the streetlights and the ghostly shadows of the moon, you will never stop driving.



The Narrows at Zion National Park
by Adrian Garcia



The Key

by *Matt Long*

A burnished copper key danced in the lock,
A ballet twirl and the door swung wide,
And I pawed through the mailbox
Searching among bright fliers
Printed on oil-slick paper
With smiling faces modeling the next best thing
But hurry and buy now!

I know it's there.
It must be there.
It will be there.

A tarnished key tugged at the lock,
Firm and strong with age.
There among the bills demanding attention
I am certain the envelope will hide,
Just waiting for the right time,
And yet the bills wait for no one.

A worn key feebly nudges tumblers aside,
Groans hollowly as it slowly turns,
And there among the wrinkled yellow pages,
Kissed with red lipstick warnings
"Payment overdue" "Eviction Notice"
A white envelope lies, and my soul lifts.
My fingers seem to caress it as I reach out,
And look at the neat, formal script on front
"Dear Tenant" it reads, and I tear it neatly in shreds.



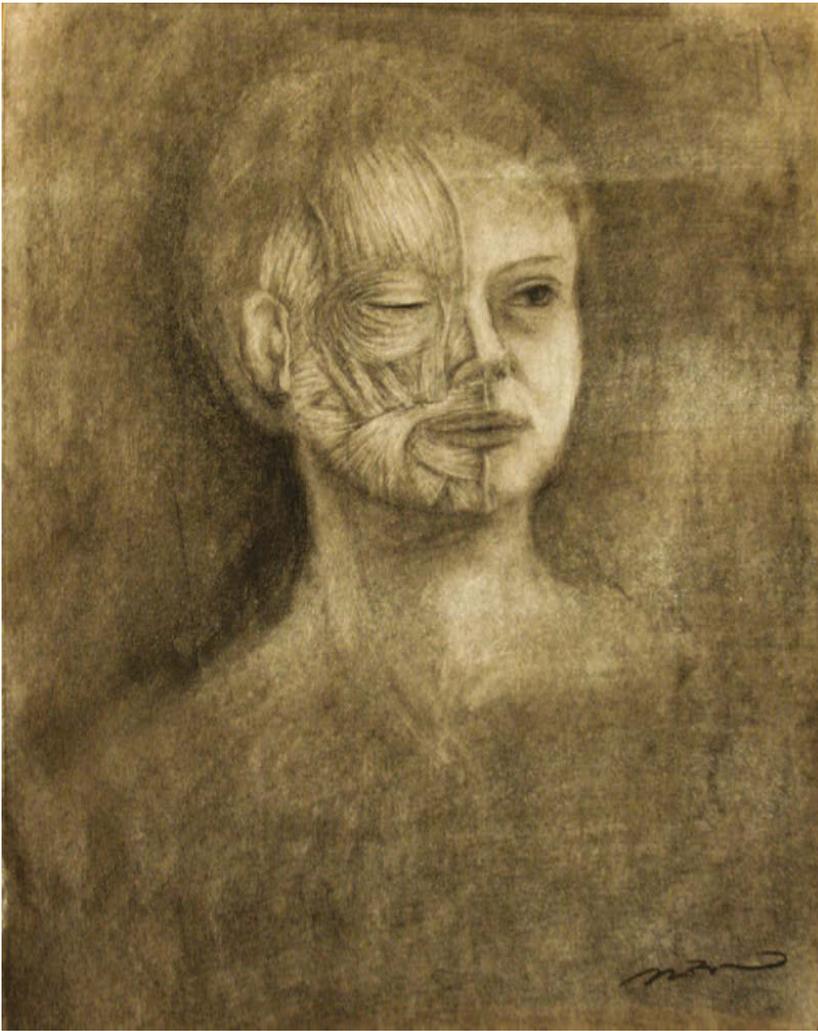
My friend e

by Ken Kitayama (after Lorine Niedecker)

My dear friend e
I logged you down.
But now I must shorten
your fussy first cousin
 π .



Glacier Gray
by Stephanie Chu



Woman

by Jeong Katherine Kim

Broken

by Gayatri Nair

Don't be so good to me,
for I may get habitual of you;
so much so that, one day...
when I am left all alone;
This heart of mine wouldn't understand,
and would break into a million pieces;
which no matter how hard I try,
would never mend again,
to the way it is right now,
WHOLE and HOPEFUL and PROUD!



Untitled
by James Asuncion



Sunrise at Lake Tekapo
by Tyler Larsen



Untitled

by Matt Long

I don't understand how right and wrong
Which once were so certain and stark,
Like writhing black serpents dark and long
Can plague my deep thoughts in the gathering dark.

While lying in bed just waiting for sleep,
My paralyzed mind just keeps to its course;
Titanically sailing above the dangerous deep,
Aware and uncaring of the great sinking force.

It mires my mind and prevents it from flitting
On to bright topics and whims and white wishes,
Like a sparrow or bush tit or woodpecker sitting
My mind wants to dart to far better thought-dishes.

Instead I lay pondering as midnight oils burn,
If childhood wrongs can grow up to be right.
I hope that the choice my heart says that I yearn,
Can stand up to inspection when thought in the light.

Biographies: Literature

Benjamin Amendolara

Benjamin is a first-year MSTP student. He aspires to become a neuropsychiatrist.

Barry G. Baylen

Barry G. Baylen is a distinguished UCLA medical school faculty member who is Clinical Professor of Pediatrics, and Pediatric Cardiology at the David Geffen School of Medicine at UCLA. He has been recognized internationally for his research and accomplishments in the fields of neonatology and Pediatric Cardiology. He has served at the Los Angeles County Harbor UCLA Medical Center, Department of Pediatrics, for nearly 25 years where his appointments included director of the Pediatric Intensive Care Unit and Chief of the Division of Pediatric Cardiology. He was also Professor and Chief of Pediatric Cardiology at the Pennsylvania State University, Milton S. Hershey School of Medicine for a decade. He has been a researcher, author and contributor of numerous original publications and has been a member of the Society of Pediatric Research and American Pediatric Society. Retired, Dr. Baylen's interests include his family, travel, literature and continued teaching and development of "virtual" pediatric problem based learning programs.

Melissa J. Burdette

Melissa J. Burdette is an outstanding and dedicated Application Coordinator for the CareConnect Hospital Billing Team. Since joining ISS, she has developed a high rapport with colleagues and business associates for her noteworthy capacity to deliver high-quality work under extreme pressure. Originally from Louisiana, Melissa has a very unique and motivated mindset where she consistently follows through on all aspects of incident-resolution, no matter how meticulous. In her free time, she enjoys reading and writing all types of literature, including, but not limited to, the fine art of storytelling through poetry.

Rumi Abdul Cader

Rumi Abdul Cader is an Associate Clinical Professor of Medicine who works at the UCLA Torrance Internal Medicine Office. He has been a Bruin since age 17 earning his BS, MD and MPH Degrees from UCLA Programs. He lives in Redondo Beach with his wife and 3 boys. In his spare time he loves to swim, travel, write and volunteer as an AYSO Soccer Referee.

Joseph Gius

Joseph Gius has worked as an AA at the RNPH Medical Records Dept. since 1994. He lives in West Los Angeles with his wife, Anne, and their Welch Corgi, Maddie. When not pushing paper he reads, occasionally writes, hikes and flies his kite. Mr. Gius owns two manual typewriters and a rotary dial phone.

Ken Kitayama

Ken Kitayama is a second-year medical student. He grew up in Fountain Valley, CA and enjoys writing and photography.

Matt Long

Matt Long recently graduated from UCLA undergrad, and currently works for the UCLA Division of Geriatrics as the online media and marketing manager. He feels "poetry" is an honorific that can only be granted to works that are shown to resonate with others, so refers to his writings as "pennings" to avoid self-aggrandizement.

Martin Mwangi

Martin Mwangi is an MS2 who enjoys the unique opportunities and experiences that medicine offers to stir the more creative parts of himself.

Gayatri Nair

Gayatri Nair works as a Laboratory Assistant at UCLA. She loves reading and enjoys photography that captures a culture and tells the story. She finds the stories of Holocaust during the World War II very compelling. She aspires to be either a physician or a nurse and in some way help the civilians.

Jill Narciso

Jill Narciso is a senior administrative analyst who spends her days assisting her boss with anything and everything. In her free time after work and on weekends, she reads, writes, and dreams heavily. She is always looking for a reason to smile.

T.J. Nguyen

T.J. Nguyen is a 2nd year medical student who enjoys cultivating her interest in creative arts through painting and graphic design. She draws inspiration from being in the great outdoors, whether in the woods, or on the road.

Jennifer Ritch

Jennifer Ritch tries to keep the chaos at bay and is sometimes moderately successful, but she's smart enough to know that it is much more powerful than she is, and will win the war, no matter how many small battles she may take. The top of the hill does not always offer the best view. When not watching the clock, she can often be found attempting to communicate with squirrels telepathically, but can't be sure if she's ever been successful at that either. She has watched a beating heart stop and has stroked the palm of an agitated monkey. She prefers the monkey.

Juan P. Sarquis

Juan P. Sarquis “Ricky Ricardo meets Nietzsche,” is a UCLA Patient Customer Service Rep. He was born in Cuba, and raised in Los Angeles, CA. He attended City College and UCLA to become a composer, but ended up a writer instead. “I’ve experienced the three canvases—my first interest was painting, then music, and finally literature.”

Paula Stoessel

Paula Stoessel is Professor of Psychiatry at UCLA and specializes in Interpersonal Psychotherapy and bipolar disorder. She has two grown children and enjoys swimming and working out at the South Gym. “First Movement” is a comment on perception of the other. “Doldrums” is a reflection on the challenges of maintaining a long-term relationship.

R. Anigal Ttocs

R. Anigal Ttocs is a medical student in the UCLA-CDU program. She loves nature. Laying on the beach, relaxing under a shady tree, and hiking are some of her favorite things to do. Virology, immunology, and infectious disease are some of her favorite studies. She is captivated by the thought of her body being a battlefield on which war is constantly waged, and she is in awe of the strength and ingenuity of her immune system. Her motto in life is to love and be loved.

**CDU***by Joel Amezcuita*

Biographies: Art

Joel Amezcuita

Joel Amezcuita is an LA-born artist who studies medicine in his free time.

James Asuncion

James Asuncion is a MS2 in the Medical Scientist Training Program with aspirations for Neuroscience and Psychiatry. His photographs represent a dynamic between the vibrations of external reality and their impressions on the brain and mind. He loves the Lakers, cosmology, neuroscience, philosophy, coffee, and vinyl music.

Serapio M. Baca

Serapio M. Baca is an Assistant Researcher in Neurology and performs optical imaging and electrical studies of the brain. The untitled subject of his photography was willed to Dr. Baca following his grandfather's death, and the sculpture has travelled with Dr. Baca from coast to coast, an ever-present but quiet character. Dr. Baca gratefully acknowledges Andrew E. Bernet for layout assistance and David Charles Petlowany, the creator of the sculpture.

Andrew Behesnilian

Andrew is a fourth year Urology resident at UCLA and former BEAT magazine editor and DGSOM graduate. Andrew has had photos published on ski magazines, textbooks, CD covers and more. More of his photography can be seen at www.andrewsevag.com.

Dorwin Birt

Dorwin Birt is a computing support coordinator in the UCLA Intellectual Development and Disabilities Research Center. He has been at UCLA for 32 years.

Stephan Chiu

Stephan is a 2nd year medical student and a co-editor of The BEAT. In his free time, he enjoys traveling to faraway places, taking nice pictures, and discovering new music.

Stephanie Chu

Stephanie is a second-year urology resident at UCLA. In her spare time she enjoys travelling (especially backpacking) and photography.

Brian Fung

Brian Fung is a second-year medical student at UCLA who has been fascinated with photography since a young age. He specializes in portrait, lifestyle, and event photography and will never turn down an opportunity to take photos of the world around him. For him, photography is all about telling a story and conveying emotion.

Adrian Garcia

Adrian Garcia is currently a 3rd year medical student, he started taking photos since age 5, focusing on colorful landscapes, wildlife, and long-exposure photography

Ben Kelley

Ben Kelley is an MS3 whose forays into photography have been spurred by surfing, to which he is fairly addicted. Life as a surfer in LA can be frustrating given the endless crowds...but on a night such as this, when a full moon and south swell coincide, there's no better place to be.

Tyler Kern

Tyler Kern is a fourth-year medical student. He enjoys nature and wildlife photography.

Katherine JH Kim, MD

Katherine JH Kim is a clinical research coordinator/research scholar at UCLA Women's Health Clinical Research Unit. It is her dream to pursue a career in gynecologic oncology and help women fight cancer.

Ken Kitayama and Alejandro Ochoa

Ken Kitayama and Alejandro Ochoa are second-year medical students. Ken grew up in Fountain Valley, CA and enjoys writing and photography. Alejandro grew up in Madera, CA and enjoys biking, hiking, and other outdoor activities.

Tyler Larsen

Tyler Larsen is a 4th year medical student who has matched into Internal Medicine. He enjoys traveling and photography when he has the time.

James Heaysung Lee, MD

Dr. Lee is Assistant Professor of Pediatrics at UCLA and serves primarily as Associate Director for the Pediatrics Residency Program and Clerkship Site Director for the 3rd year medical students. He loves traveling the world with his wife and capturing those moments via photography. Alaska lent an opportunity to get away from the hectic world of academics and just enjoy what this world has to offer. Alaska was easily one of the most amazing places they have been to due to its sheer beauty and serenity.

Gayatri Nair

Gayatri Nair works as a Laboratory Assistant at UCLA. She loves reading and enjoys photography that captures a culture and tells the story. She finds the stories of Holocaust during the World War II very compelling. She aspires to be either a physician or a nurse and in some way help the civilians.

Amit Oberai

Amit Oberai did postdoctoral work in epigenetics and is currently working on NGS analysis for biomarker discovery at the Semel Insitute. He likes to paint in oils, usually people or trees or some combination of the two. This is 3 foot oil painting that he started off wanting to call Roots, but later thought it was interesting how we view nature from a distance from the outside, so called it View of a tree.

Sarah Park

Sarah Park is a fourth year medical student specializing in Internal Medicine. She looks to find inspiration for her art in the everyday experiences of life and medicine. In turn, she hopes her art is a reminder for humanity and empathy.

Neil Parker

Now that Dr Parker has been on sabbatical he has more time to increase his interest in photography. He has also travelled farther allowing him to see new vistas and great locations.

Manash K. Paul

Manash K. Paul is a postdoctoral researcher working in the field of lung stem cell homeostasis and lung cancer. Creativity has been his driving force for his development hence; apart from research he indulges himself into painting and photography. This painting reflects his idea of how LIGHT can impart color, outlook and transform objects into something beautiful. Let that LIGHT transcend on all of us.



Horseshoe Bend
by Stephan Chiu

Raquel Rodriguez

Raquel Rodriguez is not quite an MS4, but definitely not an MS3. She is a fan of disproportionately large things, like painting on canvases that can only be shipped by boat.

Esther Seale

Biography not provided

Rebecca Thompson

Rebecca Thompson is an MS1 with aspirations to graduate. She moved to Los Angeles from the San Francisco Bay Area to attend medical school. In her free time she draws, runs and sleeps.

Andy Trang

Andy is passionate about studying many elements and styles of art including portraiture, figure drawing, architecture, technical illustrations, and abstract surrealism. His pieces are predominately in the medium of pen and ink where he practices the technique known as cross-hatching to render a multitude of textures, tones, and lighting effects through the precise placement of a myriad of lines.

Nolan Ryan Ung and Lawrance Chung

Nolan Ung is a MS1 and Lawrance Chung is a MS2. When Nolan is not playing basketball and when Lawrance is not sleeping, they enjoy camping. That day, they could only catch a 4 inch fish and it was all they ate.



Time Away
by Esther Seale

Life Journey
by Brian Fung

